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to the sportsmen as well as to the village boys who
are allowed to have some share in the game.

In many parts the moors are no better than
spongy spongy miserable quagmires. There is grass
or hay on the surface, but take care where you step,
or you get over the horses in black mud.
It is in these spongy not nearly so the rivers
of Yorkshire gather their waters.

There is a wide spongy moor in the north west corner
called Dodd Fell, a green grassy moor off
which you certainly will not come with clear feet
follow up the wharf or the rills to its very
beginning, it will lead you to Dodd Fell. Here
you come upon many slow narrow rivulets of clear
brown water each no bigger than a roadside gutter.
These unite & make the small beginning of one of the
after you reach of the West-riding. You reach
one of these rivulets back to its source - if you are
not afraid of sinking in the moor - will you see
in the water rising out of the spongy earth which
is too full to hold any more.

To trace a great river to its small beginnings
is very pleasant, no doubt, but one cannot do
this every day. What is not the chief delight

of the moor you throw back your head & fill
your lungs with the pure air; you look around, &
there is not a soul in sight but yourself & your
eye brightens, your cheek ^{flushes} & you are
ready to shout for joy just because you
are breathing the pure sweet air of these highlands
& have the wide world at your feet as far as you
can see it.

Could you imagine that the whole of western Yorkshire

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On our high table land. There are many rivers, & they
at length descend into soft green dale. — A dale is a
narrow valley, ^{each} that is between two mountain
wells.

This is how it is: the rivers which gather their
waters on the moors work their way down
towards the sea by cutting channels, ~~cutting~~
~~beds~~ for themselves out of the solid rock. The
rock of which much of western Yorkshire
consists is of a very soft kind, called ^{mountain} limestone;
& the running water has worn its
way until many a little beck has made
in the course of long ages, a broad deep valley
where there are villages & homesteads, & green
meadows, & down about the running
stream. Not that the river does the whole work;
the running water begins to carve out a valley
when first rain, too ready labourer,
are at hand to carry on the work.

Some rivers & streams are there in this region.
But the moor is cut up in all directions by the
lovely dales of the West Riding; ^{through} & there is not
one great moor; but many moors: like that
called Rumbold's Moor, for instance, between
the valleys of the Aire & the Wharfe.

Sometimes the moor appears to be worn away
into long ridges, dividing one river valley from
another, and you may clamber over the edges of
moor, & look behind you over a wide waste, & down
at your feet is a green dale, where you may see
scattered in the valley, the spires of towns & other villages
churches rising amongst trees, with the houses of the
villages clustering round them. You cannot see the
villages

stream, perhaps, for overhanging trees. When you raise your eyes, & look across to the other side of the valley, beyond the ridge which shuts it in, you see another ridge behind that, & another behind that, & another & another. Sometimes five or six connect mountain ridges, or fells, rising one behind another.

Between each pair of ridges is a line of deep black shadow, that is all you see. But you know that if you get upon the fell above it, that black shadow opens out into a lovely dale with a sparkling stream, beside which are the villages where the fair-haired & fair-haired barons dwell & go to school.

This is the sort of thing that you see in Cumbria, a very lovely part of the West Riding, including the upper valleys of the three sister rivers, the Aire, the Wharfe, & the Ribbles.

The Western Mountains

In the north-west corner where Yorkshire borders upon Wales, we get the true mountain country. Then the long straight Gellie rises into giant masses, oddly shaped, over 2000 feet in height, like Knechtell, Ingleborough, Pennine & Wharfedale. There are three Wharfedales by the way, in this part of Yorkshire, Great-Wharfedale & Little Wharfedale to the west of the Wharfe valley, & the Wharfedale, east of the upper Ribblesdale.

Little is a ~~great town~~ ^{convenient point} from which to get to the mountains, as people seem to know, for here are good hotels & lodging houses for visitors. It stands in a woody green basin walled in by Scars, that is, the great masses by which the gells descend to the plain. A scar is properly a bare face of rock; scabers are the tops of these masses that you would think ^{several rows of} ~~half~~ ^{low} steep hills ~~scabers~~ ^{scabers} were built round their summits. Indeed these Scars ^{to be seen} ~~scattered~~ ^{look} all over the western moors. The ~~look~~ ^{look} unlike fortified castles built on the heights.

Group the valley of the Ribblesdale as far as Norton in. Group the valley of the Wharfedale as far as almost at the foot of Pennine, but near as the giant looks & walk of six miles would hardly take you to it. A sea of flight-ragged clouds is flying round the summit which rises before you, sharp & edge-like, reaching the valley level by two or three long noses. The sides are steep & grassy, except when they are scored with water courses, straight & of a reddish colour. But from this point - ~~Wharfedale~~ ^{Wharfedale} has not the look of a fortified castle which belongs to most of the limestone hills. Patches of purple heather flow here & there in the sunshine, where ^{patches} ~~patches~~.

~~patches~~ of black shadow & bright lights. Now the head of Bennefont is purple, now black, now wrapped in soft grey mist. Altogether, it is picturesque and mountainous, ^{in aspect} ~~at least~~, more so than most of its fellows.

To your left is the grand sweeping curve of Wharfedale, something like a seal's back in shape, near enough to be distinct & bold, & far enough to glow in purple 'mountain haze'.

Behind you is Ingleborough, which you may always know by the table-like platform planted on its broad shoulders.

But none of these giants is in the foreground except Bennefont. Soft mountains bloom softens their outlines, & clouds ^{hang} ~~hang~~ about their heads, & between you & them, fell after fell swells & sinks, while about you is a heaving swelling moorland where every breath is a delight.

If you wish to climb Ingleborough Clapham, a pretty village nestling amongst trees, will be its best place to start from. It is nowhere very steep, & is not a difficult mountain to climb, & a glorious ^{view} ~~view~~ is to be had from

the top. Fell behind fell, summit beyond summit, ^{letting in} ~~covering~~ a great part of your country.

Every week during the summer, excursion trains bring crowds of people to Clapham from the busy manufacturing towns. They have come not to climb Ingleborough, but to see Clapham Caves, a curious cavern chamber which reaches fully half a mile into the very heart of the mountain. Now you are in quite a wide & lofty room, now in a

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low & narrow passage through which you must
creep on hands & knees; again, you can stand upright,
but the walls of the Cave press close on each & draw
in on each side. Now you are in the Pillar Hall &
then you crawl forward through the Celler Gallery, &
you are in the lofty Giant's Hall. You must have
lights, & a guide, to lead you then there is no danger
in exploring these dark chambers.

What is to be seen? Hanging from the roof & rising
from the floor ^{decorating} all sides of you are the most
surprising shapes, now dark brown, now almost
black, now, glittering & snowy white. There, are the
pipes of a church organ, & what looks like a lovely
model of a cathedral in ivory, & a yockey's cap.
Here, is a leg of mutton hanging, there, are the
tusks of an elephant, there, strange shapes of
fish & bird & beast; now, a deep fringe, now

a ^{wooded} ~~tiny~~ forest. The History of a Cavern.
Have we got into a palace of the former, & they
spent their years in making their chambers
thus beautiful?

The same unwearying artist has hewn these
chambers out of the solid rock, & adorned them
to suit his fantastic taste - a workman whose
name you would little suspect.

Soft as rain is, & hard as some rocks are, there
are now as hard but the rain will, in time, make
its way through them. The mountain - limestone
of which these rocks are made, is full of cracks. The
rain does not all flow down the sides of the hills
much of it makes its way through the cracks, down
& down, wearing away the hard as it goes, & carrying
it along in its course. Sometimes the water forms
for itself quite a wide channel; indeed, in limestone
the

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distinct, it often happens that a great stream, & runs
flashes in at the mouth of a cavern, makes its way
underground, & does not appear again for
miles; & all this time the water has been wearing
away the limestone surrounding the caverns. Fresh
droppings of water from above & little runlets from
the sides help the running stream.

Mountain limestone is, as ^{has been} said, full of
cracks through which water works its way. Now every
tiny drop that falls from the roof of a cavern
carries a little lime with it. Some atoms
it leaves upon the roof, some fall with the
water upon the floor. The next drop lays a few
more grains in the same place, both upon roof
& floor. This goes on for ever, night & day,
until at last the lime on the roof has made
a sort of little shoot like an icicle, & the lime
on the floor another little shoot rising up
to meet it.

There are many drops falling, side by side, &
in the corner of a cave there is formed a sort of
pinnacle, like icicles, which hang from the roof.
While a similar little pile rises from below.
These limestone droppings grow very, very slowly.
So slowly that it has taken hundreds of years
to make the strange figures in the caverns. There
on the roof are called Stalactites, & those on
the floor Stalagmites, two long names, taken
from a Greek word which means 'to drop.'

The white glittering Stalactites as those over
which water is always dropping. The queer
brown shapes were formed long ages ago, & the
water dropping has made some other passages for
itself & kept them to the no longer flowing
them.

W. G. B.

Weathered cave is even more interesting than the
glapham. In profound flight of deep sleep, when
in the darkness of the cave, you hear the rushing
roar of falling water. A waterfall, eighty feet
high, is tumbling down the rocks at the back
of the cave. If it is a very bright day, a ray of
sunshine steals into the darkness & makes
a rainbow over the spray of the fall. You may
get behind the fall & look through it if you like - but
is, if you don't mind a good wetting.
The stream which tumbles over the rocks in
Weathered Cave makes off to the west, & there
disappears under ground altogether, & no doubt
it is carving out many caverns which we
know nothing about. Indeed the
hills & mountains are full of
caves & of old open caverns called 'Pots'.
In Yorkshire is the